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AUNT JANE'S VERSES

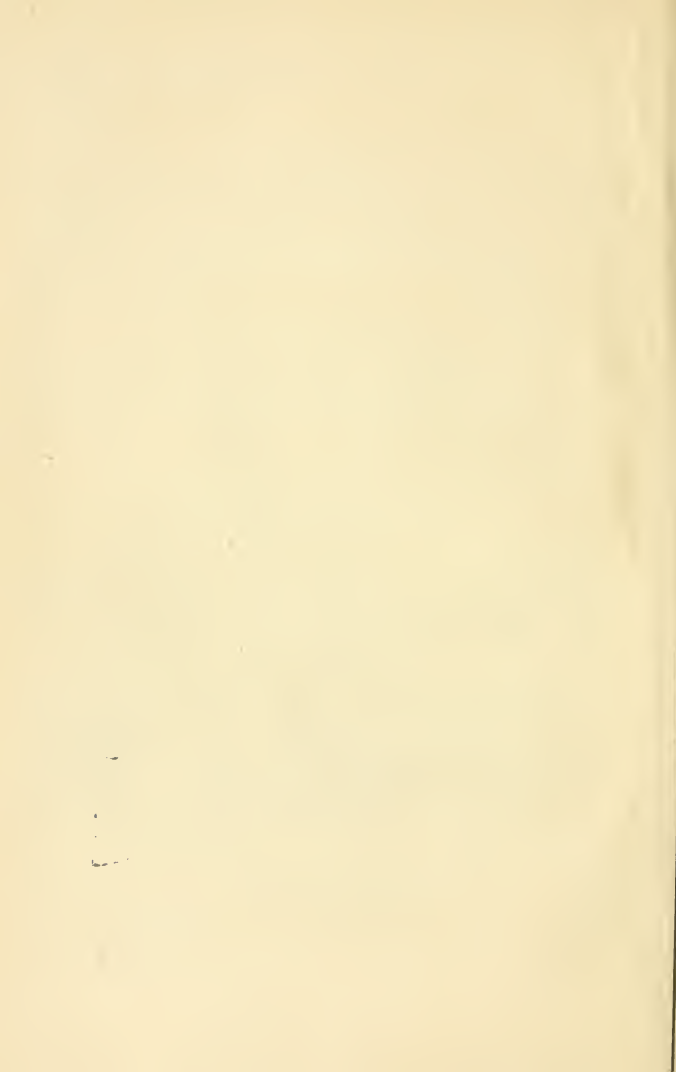
FOR

CHILDREN.

BY JANE CREWDSON.

ILLUSTRATED.





AUNT JANE'S VERSES

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CHILDREN.

By JANE CREWDSON.

ILLUSTRATED.



FROM THE SECOND LONDON EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY THE
ASSOCIATION OF FRIENDS FOR THE DIFFUSION OF RELIGIOUS
AND USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.
No. 109 NORTH TENTH STREET.

1853

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THIS unpretending volume needs no explanation by way of Preface. The title-page speaks for itself. The verses were written for various stages of childhood,—some for the early, some for the middle, and others for the higher steps in the ascending ladder of intelligence. Therefore, though the language will, I hope, be found simple in all, yet many of these pieces are not intended for the nursery.

It is very probable that readers, less partial than those for whom they were originally written, may find in my verses too many signs of the circumstances under which they have been composed. The chamber of sick-

ness is better adapted for receiving instruction than for imparting pleasure; yet one of the many lessons taught therein is this:—that to cultivate a kindly sympathy towards all living things, favours the exercise of cheerfulness and of patience, under suffering and trial.

May we ever remember that there is One—and One alone—whose influence can make our hard hearts tender, and keep them so, from one stage of life's journey to another; and that His blessing is needed to energize sensibility into active and useful benevolence.

MANCHESTER, MAY 12, 1851.

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KATIE LEE.

A SCOTCH STORY.

“Now sweep the shining hearth once more,
And spare another peat;
And let the light rise broad and bright,
Our lassie’s smile to greet.—
—Our Katie! who, with gleeful heart,
Is hastening through the gloaming;
From far away, across the brae,
On lightsome step she’s coming.
All through the week she work’d and toil’d,
With true heart cheerily,
To spend the happy Sabbath hours
At home, with you and me.

So spread the cloth,—the snow-white cloth,
Your cannie hands have wove,—
And she shall eat the bannocks sweet
She used so well to love;
With home-made cheese, and honey-comb
From last year's finest swarm;
And she shall sup, from her own cup,
The new milk rich and warm."

So spoke the "Gudeman;"—and his heart
With joy was overflowing;
And on the mother's careful cheek
The smile of love was glowing.
The winter's sun had just gone down,
So calm, and soft, and still,
That 'neath its crust of ice is heard
Each little tinkling rill;
And scarcely rustled sedge or reed,
Beside the frozen loch,
Nor shook the sparkling icicles
From off the beetling rock.
But wherefore, then, doth Collie start,
And prick his ears intent,
And sniff the air, as if, from far,
Some coming storm to scent?



KATIE LEE.

Brave dog ! he learn'd to mark the signs
Of gathering tempests well,
When watching o'er his master's flock
Upon the upland fell.
And well he knows the wind's low sough,
That tells of coming squalls ;
And knows the snow-cloud, long before
A single snow-flake falls.

But where is Katie ? She hath donn'd
Her kirtle and her plaid,
And gather'd up her bonnie hair
All in a shining braid ;
Then folded she her Sunday gown
Within a kerchief gay,
And, singing like an uncaged lark,
Tripp'd merrily away.
She thinks her of her parents' hearth,
Her mother's tender care,—
The little chamber where she used
To bend her knee in prayer ;—
The father who first show'd to her
A heavenly Father's love,
And told her of that blessed home
Which Christ prepared above.

And as she ponder'd, Katie's eyes
With tears of gladness swim,
And th' ballad she began to sing
Ascended to a hymn !
'Tis well that, in thy youth and weal,
Thou know'st the God of grace,
Sweet Katie ! for the stormy hour
Is clouding in apace !

Now suddenly, adown the glen
There rush'd a whirling blast,
And, from the blacken'd sky, the flakes
Of snow fell thick and fast :
They dim the air,—they blink her eyes,
And, thicker, faster still,
They blot the way-marks of her track,
And drift along the hill.
Then, wearily and drearily,
Across the moorland wild,
Half numb'd with frost, (her pathway lost)
Paced on the wilder'd child.
“ My heavenly Father's will be done,”
She murmur'd faint and low ;—
Then clasp'd her little hands, and sank
Beneath a wreath of snow !

Oh! had you pass'd, that wintry night,
Across that upland high,
You might have seen a way-worn man,
With pale cheek, hurrying by :
He feeleth not the arrowy sleet,
Nor hears the storm-notes wild :
One cry is on his quivering lips,
—"My child! My only child!"
Cheer up, poor Duncan Lee!—a friend,
—A fast friend at thy side
Is Collie,—who, with steady pace,
Acts pioneer and guide :
With head upraised, and ears erect,
Intent he sniffs the wind,
And marks each sign, and weighs each fact,
Within his pondering mind.
Why stands he there all motionless,
As marble statue still,
Chain'd to that spotless drift of snow
By instinct of his will?
Then suddenly, with leap and bound,
And every joyful sign,
He digs amongst the yielding snows
With yelp, and bark, and whine ;
Nor ceased he till, on pillow chill,
With face serene and mild,

And little hands still clasp'd in prayer,
He found the sleeping child.
O Duncan ! spare a father's tear,
And hush that heavy moan ;—
The life-blood in her purple veins
Still moveth gently on !—
He lapp'd her softly in his arms,
(Like slumbering babe once more,)
And thaw'd the frost-rime from her cheek
With kisses o'er and o'er :
And when she waken'd, faint and slow,
The sounds that met her ear
Were psalms of gladness and of praise,
Sung by each parent dear !
She found that she was pillow'd soft,
With tender skill and care,
In that same chamber where she used
So oft to kneel in prayer :
She saw the holy book outspread
Upon her father's knee ;—
“ ‘Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,’ ”
Soft whisper'd Katie Lee.

POMPEII.

BASKING in sunshine bright,
And musical with song,
A city lay in joy and light,
Campania's vines among !
The sea-wave kiss'd her gate,
With ripple, low and sweet ;
And galleys brought their golden freight,
And laid it at her feet.*

There came a day for feast,
And dance, and ruby wine ;
And Bacchanalian brows are drest
With ivy and the vine :—
The choric steps are led,
The choric measure flows,
And colonnades are garlanded
With amaranth and rose.

* Previously to the great eruption from Vesuvius which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, both these towns were seaports.

The cruel circus reels
 With maddening roar and cry ;
And anguish blends with victor-peals
 And glee with agony!—
Then roar'd a deadlier blast ;
 And death unroll'd his pall,
And thunder-peals of ruin pass'd
 O'er circus, shrine, and hall !

Earth groan'd,—and heaven grew dim,
 And lurid darkness spread,
To dash the wine-cup, hush the hymn,
 And pale the garlanded !
A hurrying to and fro !
 The shrieks of wild despair,
Amidst the lava's sulphur glow
 And lightning's fiery glare !

The ashes' choking cloud,—
 The suffocating shower,—
The cry of terror, deep and loud,
 From palace, fane, and bower.
The multitude rush'd by ;
 The living all are fled,

And 'stead of halls for revelry,
 A City of the Dead!

Then silence,—not of rest;
 Then stillness,—not of sleep,
On buried homes of gladness prest
 Their pall, opaque and deep.
Then seasons came and went,
 And ages rolléd on,
And kingly thrones were built and rent;
 And empires raised and thrown.

The peasant pruned his vine,
 The bride entwined her wreath,
Unconscious all of bower and shrine,
 That, slumbering, lay beneath.
The glowing sunsets fling
 The rosy light of song
Across each sparkling, classic spring,
 Campania's groves among.

But not in endless sleep
 Such buried secrets lie:
They wake, to utter lessons deep,
 For human sympathy!

The lonely chambers shine,
Once more, with light of day;
And, o'er each desolated shrine,
The sunbeams brightly play.

Tread softly!—here reveal'd,
Are secrets, dark and dread:
Speak low!—before thee stand unseal'd
The secrets of the dead!
Behold the miser's gold,
Clutch'd in his bony grasp!
Behold the mothers, who enfold
Their babes in dying clasp!

Here lie rich jewell'd rings;
There lies a Bacchic crown;
There lies a lute, with broken strings,
A wine-cup dashéd down!
Libation-urns, half pour'd;
And flower-wreaths, scorch'd and dimm'd;
Rich viands on the festal board,
And lamps already trimm'd.

Mosaic pavements, bright
As when by sandals press'd;

And frescoed paintings, still as light
As when with garlands dress'd :
The poet's radiant dreams
Story the glowing walls,
And many a hint of beauty gleams
Forth from those silent halls.

Sculptures, in whose soft grace,
The Grecian mind we read ;
And fanes, whose shadowy hints retrace
The Nile's mysterious creed ;—
And haunts for childhood's plays ;
Or household converse sweet :
All open'd to the stranger's gaze,
And trod by stranger feet !

CONWAY CASTLE.

GEORGIE, when you pass'd through Conway,
Did thy memory ponder o'er
Tales historic of King Edward,
And his bright Queen Eleänore?*

How *he* built this castle hoary,
With its dungeons, courts, and towers;
How a garden-plot *she* planted
There, with sweetly-scented flowers?

How he waved, from lofty turret,
Britain's banner, stain'd with tears,
And his hall did flash with trophies—
Turkish sword and Syrian spears?

Crescents, torn from Moslem castles,
Huge claymores from Scottish dales,
Blades of steel from old Damascus,
And the silent harp of Wales!

From the banks of Guadalquivir,
She hath brought the fair sweet-pea;

* Eleanora of Castile, the wife of Edward the First.

From her own Castile's sierras,
She hath won the chestnut-tree.
From the laughing glades of Cyprus,
Candytuft and spicy pink ;
And the mournful " Flos Adonis"
From Ilyssus' murmuring brink.
Near the shores of cool Siloam,
She hath found the lily-flower ;
In the happy vales of England,
Columbine and virgin-bower.*
She who drain'd the mortal poison,
Fearless, from her husband's vein ;†
She whose noble cheek is flushing
With the best blood of old Spain,—
See her, through the low-arch'd portal,
In her beauty moving forth ;
See her tending herb and blossom,
On that narrow plot of earth !

Conway's Castle, with its dungeons,
And its battlements and keep,

* The wild clematis.

† The popular tradition, that Queen Eleanora did literally suck the poison from the wound on her husband's arm, has, I believe, never been contradicted on any but negative authority.

And its halls with trophies flashing,
Now in silent ruin sleep!
Turkish crescent, Moslem banner,
Moorish scimitar and blade,
Cambria's harp, (too rudely broken!)
'Mid the dust of ages laid!
Whilst the seeds of herbs and blossoms
Tended by Queen Eleänore,
By the gales of peace are scatter'd
England's smiling valleys o'er!
Little think we, when delighting
In some cherish'd bud or flower,
That perchance its seed was wafted
From *her* garden 'neath the tower!

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

My account of this interesting little animal is taken from
Ruxton's Travels in Mexico.

The Prairie Dog is properly a species of Marmot, and is only
called a dog because of its little jerking bark.

OH ! the little prairie dogs,
Who build their pleasant towns,
Where, far and wide, on every side,
Wave the lone prairie downs.

There strides the grizzly bear,
And coward wolves skulk slow,
The blood to quaff of feeble calf,
Or dying buffalo.

There the rattle of the snake
Sends warning on the breeze,
And song of bird is never heard,
Or hum of honey bees.

Yet the little prairie dog
Leads there a merry life,
While round him frisk his puppies brisk,
With his busy little wife !

And the pleasant towns they build
Are all compact and nice,
A grand town-hall in midst of all,
And streets and lanes precise.

And in the town-hall lives
Their king and governor ;
And their troubles and their squabbles
To him they all refer.

His bark says "Yes," or "No,"
To every dog's appeal ;
To him they walk, and sit and talk
About their woe or weal.

He is an old, grave dog,
Of sober face, and grim ;
His puppy days and puppy plays
Are all forgot by him.

Each dog must build a hut,
With temper'd earth and clay,
With rooms complete, and bedding sweet—
Such happy homes are they !

So warm, the winter's wind
Can never rough one hair ;
So strong the latch, the wolf may scratch
And scrape, nor enter there.

And yet he tears and strains,
So stubborn and so hard,
The mother moans,—the little ones
All tremble in their ward.

Away, thou coward wolf !
Back to thy greedy den !
And let alone the prairie town,
With all its merry men !

THE DESERT WELL.

Genesis xxi. 15-20.

No feathery palm is waving,
By gentle breezes fann'd;
No shadow lies reclining
Across the hot, red sand;

No wild gazelle is bounding,
To seek some cooling spring;
No wandering bird down stoopeth
To rest his tired wing.

Each herb and flower lies wither'd;
Parch'd each young blade of grass;
And the sulky sky bends o'er them,
A dome like molten brass!

With burning thirst dilateth
The boy's wild, flashing eye,

And the mother's heart is breaking
With mighty agony ;
For the shrivell'd water-bottle
Is empty now, and dry !—

No answer to her weeping
Is heard amid the wild,
Save the echoes of the desert,
And the wailing of the child.

But the Angel of the Mighty
Is speaking from above !—
Listen !—Earth's desert-voices
Breathe no such tones of love.

He heard the cry of anguish,
And on wings of love he came :
Poor Hagar ! dost thou hearken ?
He calls thee by thy name !

She look'd. And, lo ! a fountain,
From forth its hidden cell,
Amid the waste is gusning ;—
—A sparkling, living well !

She tarried not, nor question'd,
But, kneeling at the brink,
"She fill'd her empty bottle,"
And gave her child to drink.

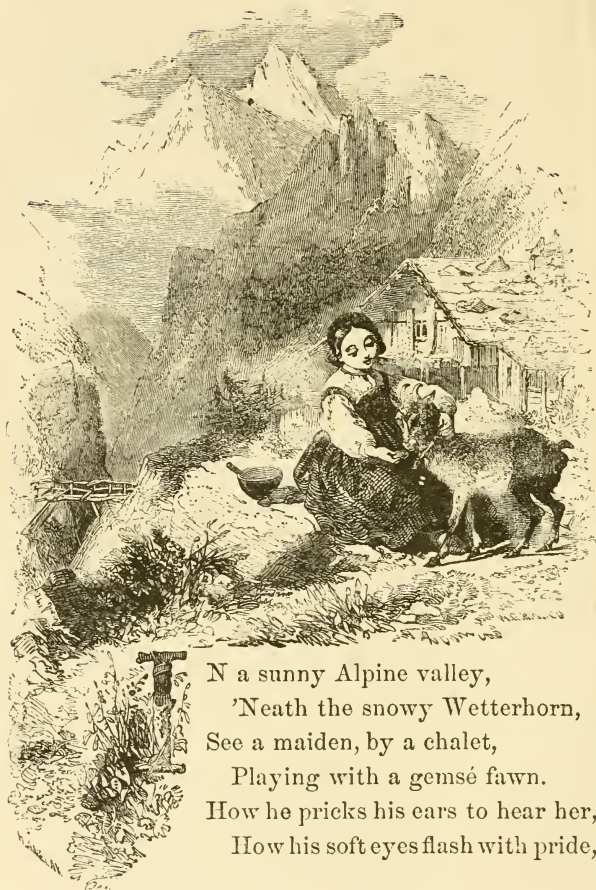
And his ebbing strength returneth,
And his eye grows soft and glad,
And his step is strong and bounding;
For "God was with the lad!"

He loved the shoreless desert,
With its craggy mountains high,
Its wild, unfetter'd freedom,
Its blue expanse of sky.

He grew a mighty archer,
And chased the wild gazelle,
And pitch'd his tent, at sunset,
Beside the desert well.

Ah! when we read the story
Of the bottle spent and dry,
Of the child athirst and fainting,
And the angel voice on high,

May He, the gracious Saviour,
In gospel message sweet,
Show *us* the living Fountain
That floweth at our feet!



IN a sunny Alpine valley,
 'Neath the snowy Wetterhorn,
See a maiden, by a chalet,
 Playing with a gemsé fawn.
How he pricks his ears to hear her,
 How his soft eyes flash with pride,

As she tells him he is dearer
Than the whole wide world beside !
Dearer than the lambkins gentle,
Dearer than the frisking kids,
Or the pigeon on the lintel,
Coming,—going,—as she bids !
Dearer than the first spring lily,
Peeping on the snowy fell,
Dearer than his little Willie
To the heart of William Tell.

By the gushing glacier-fountain,
On the giant Wetterhorn,
Midst the snow-fields of the mountain,
Was this little gemsé born :
And his mother, though the mildest
And the gentlest of the herd,
Was the fleetest and the wildest,
And as lightsome as a bird.
But the jäger* watch'd her, gliding
In the silence of the dawn,
Seeking for a place of hiding
For her little tender fawn :
So he mark'd her, all unheeding,
(Swift and sure the bolt of death,)

* The hunter.

And he bore her, dead and bleeding,
To his Alpine home beneath.
And the orphan gemsé follows,
Calling her, with plaintive bleat,
O'er the knolls, and through the hollows,
Trotting on, with trembling feet.

See, the cabin's latch is raised
By a small and gentle hand,
And the face that upward gazéd,
Had a smile serene and bland.
Bertha was the Switzer's daughter,
And herself an orphan child;
But her sorrows all had taught her
To be gentle, kind, and mild.
You might see a tear-drop quivering,
In her honest eye of blue,
As she took the stranger, shivering,
To her heart, so warm and true.
“*I will be thy mother, sweetest,*”
To the fawn she whisper'd low,
“*I will heed thee when thou bleatest,*
And will solace all thy woe.”
Then the tottering gemsé, stealing
Towards her, seem'd to understand,

Gazing on her face, and kneeling,
Placed his nose within her hand !
Every day the Switzer maiden
Shared with him her milk and bread,
Every night the fawn is laid on
Moss and ling, beside her bed.
Blue as mountain periwinkle,
Is the ribbon round his throat,
Where a little bell doth tinkle,
With a shrill and silvery note !
When the morning light is flushing
Wetterhorn, so cold and pale,
Or when evening shades are hushing
All the voices of the vale,
You might hear the maiden singing
To her happy gemsé fawn,
While the kids and lambs she's bringing
Up or down the thymy lawn.

Spring is come ! and little Bertha,
With her gemsé at her side,
Up the mountain wander'd further
Than the narrow pathways guide.
Every step is paved with flowers ;—
—Here the bright mezereon glows,

Here the tiger-lily towers,
And the mountain cistus blows.
There the royal eagle rushes
From his eyrie overhead;
There the roaring torrent gushes
Madly o'er its craggy bed.
Hark!—from whence that distant bleating,
Like a whistle clear and shrill?
Gemsé! ah, thy heart is beating,
With a wild and sudden thrill.
Voices of thy brothers, scouring
Over sparkling fields of ice,
Where the snow-white peaks are towering
O'er the shaggy precipice!

Bertha smiled to see him listening,
(Arching neck, and quivering ear,
Panting chest, and bright eyes glistening,)
To that whistle wild and clear.
Little knew she that it sever'd
All that bound him to the glen,
That her gentle bands are shiver'd,
And the tame one—*wild again!*

To the next wild bleat that soundeth
Makes he answer strong and shrill;—

Wild as wildest, off he boundeth,
Fleet as fleetest, o'er the hill.
"Gemsé! Gemsé! Come, my sweet one!"
Echoes faint, from height to height;—
Vain thy call, dear child! that fleet one
Never more will glad thy sight.
But, when paling stars are twinkling,
In the twilight of the morn,
Thou mayst hear his bell, a-tinkling
Midst the snows of Wetterhorn.
And the kindness thou bestowest
On the helpless, thou shalt prove,
Somehow, when thou little knowest,
In a blessing from above!

In all the German-Swiss cantons, and throughout the Tyrol, the Chamois-Goat is called the "Gemsé;" the other name, "Chamois," prevailing only in those cantons in which French is spoken.

THE ZEBRA.

WILD ass of the desert, who tossest in scorn,
The yoke from thy neck, like the breath of the
 morn,
Who defiest the snaffle, the rein, and the curb,
And drinkest the dew from the wilderness herb,
Who, with nostril dilated, dost snuff up the wind,
And leavest the blast of the desert behind !

Wild zebra ! though ages have over thee roll'd,
And have changéd the heart of the firm and the
 bold,
And have forgéd the chain and have plaited the
 thong,
And have humbled the haughty, and conquer'd
 the strong,
Still, with ebony hoof, dost thou toss the red
 sand,
And thy neck bendeth not to the rider's com-
 mand !

The traveller came from the sea-girded isle,
To explore the lone founts of the lotus-crown'd
Nile :

He startled the lion, asleep in his den,
And the laughing hyena laugh'd fiercely again ;
The ibis was scared from her ancient domains,
And his wings flapp'd the vulture o'er desolate
fanes.

But the river's deep secret,—its fount and its
course,

Is known to the zebra who drinks at the source :
His wild, thirsty eye knows the gleam of the
spring,

Circled round with green herbs, like an emerald
ring ;

And his velvety neck oft he bendeth to drink,
And to browse on the grasses that wave round
the brink

O zebra, wild zebra, who tossest in scorn
The reins from thy neck, like the mists of the
morn,

Dost remember that day when thy beautiful chest,
With the yoke of a victor was sternly com-
prest,

When an emperor march'd from the Tiber afar,
And tether'd thy neck to his ivory car?*

How flash'd the wild orb of thine eye to behold
Thy housings of purple, and scarlet, and gold!
When thy mouth felt the bit, and thy shoulder
the band,
And thy hoof dash'd the pavement, instead of
the sand;
And, in place of the palm, with its feathery shade,
Rose the shaft of the pillar, and white colonnade.

I marvel how throb'd the wild pulse of thy will,
When compell'd, in Rome's triumph, thy part
to fulfil;
When Hadrian stood in his chariot of pride,
And there sate a pale, beautiful boy at his side;†

* The Emperor Adrian made his triumphal entrance into Rome, on his return from his African provinces, in a chariot drawn by four zebras,—the first and the last time that these wild creatures are said to have been broken to the collar! How they conducted themselves is not recorded,—sufficiently self-willed no doubt they were!

† Young Antinous. He was a beautiful Asiatic youth, and a great favourite of the emperor, who mourned for him as for a son when accidentally drowned while bathing in the river Nile.

How panted thy breast for the desert again,
The palm, and the fount, and wide rolling plain !

And again are they thine ! Men have found that
they broke

Not thy heart, nor thy will, to the curb and the
yoke ;

So they loosen'd thy neck, and they sever'd thy
bands,

And thou pawest, in freedom, the wilderness
sands,

To race with the ostrich, on wings of the morn,
And the hunter's swift arrow to distance, in
scorn !

OUR LOST KITTEN.

FLORA, Daisy's little kitten,
Having tired herself with play,
By the kitchen-fire was sitting,
Very prim, the other day.

One eye opening,—one eye closing,—
Just as sleepy pussies do ;
Sometimes waking—sometimes dozing,
Thus her thoughts at random flew :

“What a tedious life I'm leading !
Crabbie is my only toy ;
Nothing to be done but feeding,—
Very little fun or joy !

“If the bird-cage were hung lower,
Dickey soon should feel my nail ;
If that mousey had run slower,
I had caught him by the tail !

“A delicious world lies yonder,
Further than the garden-door;
Are there birds to chase, I wonder?
There are crowds of mice, I’m sure!

“Who can ever guess the reason
Why the servants shut the gate?
But I’ve fix’d to watch my season,
And slip out, some evening, late.

“Then what fun, and what enjoyment!
Threads and bobbins, corks and strings!
Chasing mice my chief employment,
’Mongst a thousand glittering things!

“True, the sounds from thence are rougher,
And men’s voices seem more rude,
And the dogs do bark, there, gruffer
Than our Crabbie ever could!

“But I’ll try—Good evening, Daisy!
You may stay at home and doze;
You are getting old and lazy,
But your little daughter goes!

“Now you need not fuss and flurry,—
I’ll be back in two short hours—
None so soft as you, and furry,
And no bed so warm as ours !”

Flora then stole out, and watching
Till the cook came home at night,
As the garden-door was latching,
She departed out of sight.

Whether birds were found for chasing,
Ready waiting in her way,—
Whether there were mice for racing,
I have never heard them say :

But I know—though long we sought her,
’Midst the boys, and dogs, and men—
Little Flora, Daisy’s daughter,
Never more was found again !

THE RHINE.

“BLUE and winding” river Rhine!
How it flasheth into light,
Far above the waving pine,
On St. Gothard’s misty height!
Forth from crystal urns it gusheth,
High in palaces of ice,
And adown it headlong rusheth
O’er the shaggy precipice!

Onwards, then, through fields of snow
How the youthful waters sweep!
To the glens and dales below,
Sparkling merrily, they leap;
While the voices of the valley
With a loving welcome ring,
And the homestead and the chalet
Joyful salutations sing.

There, her flock the goatherd leads,
Browsing near the verdant brim;

There, the while she tells her beads,
Singing soft her vesper hymn.
There the gentian and the cistus
Ope their blossoms round the brink,
And the beautiful hybiscus,
And the little Alpine pink.

Now it winds its course along,
Through the realms of corn and wine,
Where is heard the peasant's song
At the gathering of the vine;
Where is heard the merry lay
Of the forest-loving bird,
And of children at their play,
When their hearts with joy are stirr'd.

Now, beneath the feudal steep
Flows the river calmly on,
Where the towers in ruin sleep,
And the banners, torn and gone!
There, where once the war-horse neigh'd,
And the rider bent his crest,
As he sheathed his glittering blade,
Or hath couch'd his lance in rest.

Then it floweth on in pride,
By the lordly palace halls,

Washing, with its azure tide,
Many a city's crumbling walls.
Fair cathedrals lift their spires,
Temples spread their jewell'd shrine,
And the poets tune their lyres,
On the borders of the Rhine.

There the schoolmen trim their lamp,
As they tell the listening world
Where the Cæsars had their camp,
And the Roman Eagle furl'd.
There the sage black-letters reads,
On old parchments dull and faint,
And the churchmen tell the deeds
Of some favour'd patron-saint.

There the rude raft of the Hun,
There the Roman galley, pass'd,
There the glance of beauty shone,
'Mid the tourney's trumpet blast.
Now, along the margin rove
Tourist-groups, in merry throng,
Where the Minnesingers wove
Tale and legend into song.

Oh, their song,—their thrilling song!
It could make the tear-drop start,

From deep places, hard and strong,
In the indurated heart !
It could bring the smile of joy
Back, though long had set its light ;
And dilate the listening boy
To a bold heroic knight.

Nobly flows the azure Rhine,
And its stream fair rivers swell,
The sweet Neckar, and the Maine,
And the beautiful Moselle !
And they each a tribute bring,
From the tales of olden days,
Breathéd forth from minstrel string,
Murmur'd into storied lays !*

Onward flow, thou winding Rhine,
Bearing on thy rolling wave,
Memory's ideal shrine
To the gifted and the brave !
Ever bearest thou along,
In thy course, so blue and free,
Many a gayly-woven song,
Blending truth with poesy !

* The Neckar flows by Heidelberg;—the Maine by Frankfurt;—the Moselle by Treves and Coblentz.

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

PART FIRST.

THROUGH dark Thuringian forest,
Cold blew the wintry blast;
And a ruddy glow, on plains of snow,
By the setting sun was cast.

And slow and dull, the heavy bell,
In the ancient convent tower,
To the burghers of old Eisenach
Rang forth the vesper hour.

On many a gable, old and quaint,
Stream'd forth a flickering light,
From low-arch'd door, and casement tall,
In flashes warm and bright.

“Now stir the log, Dame Ursula,
And spread the ample board;
And, from the silver-rimmed horn,
Let the foamy ale be pour'd.

“And though dull care, and cold, and storm,
Without, make wildest din
And rap and rattle at our gate,
They cannot enter in.”

A burgher of old Eisenach,
With wealth and honors bless'd,
Thus, many a long, long year ago,
His goodly wife address'd.

A comely dame was Ursula,
And wealthily array'd :
She wore a coif of Flemish lace,
And a kirtle of brocade.

She had a round and dimpled cheek,
A sweet and kindly voice ;
And, with her father's blessing, wed
The husband of her choice.

And time roll'd on ; and with its course,
Her gladness grew more deep ;
For in a carved oak cradle lay
A little babe, asleep !

But hark!—Amidst the tempest's hush,
Out in the silent street,
Is heard a young voice musical,
Clear, rich, and passing sweet ;

In language of the Fatherland,
Singing, in heavenly tone,
The psalms which royal David sang,
Upon his gilded throne.

“God is our refuge and our strength!”
Sang Israel's king of yore ;
And thus the poor young scholar sang,
Begging from door to door.

A kindly heart had Ursula :—
The casement open flew,
And on the singer's wan, pale face
The flashing light she threw.

She look'd upon that face, so young,
So hunger-pinch'd, yet mild,
And then she turn'd, and look'd upon
Her own fair, sleeping child.

“Come in, come in, young caroller!

Our comforts be not scant;

And our full measure runneth o’er

To succour those that want.

“Come in!—Where stands thy mother’s cot,

Where thou wast sung to rest?—

—Bearest thou her blessing on thy head,

Her love within thy breast?”

—“My father delveth in the mines,

An honest man, though poor;

And when I left my mother’s cot,

Her blessing thence I bore.

• “I crave to be a learned man,
A letter’d man, and wise.”—

—“Ay! *that* thou wilt,” quoth Ursula:

“I see it in thine eyes!

“I see in them an untried might,

To will, or to endure;

The sparkle of a latent fire,

Strong, resolute, and pure!”

A loving friend was Ursula ;—
Through many a wintry night,
The gentle scholar did she house,
Like a good “Shunammite!”

He had a place beside her hearth,
And at her board his share,
And a little chamber in the roof,
With a bed, and lamp, and chair.

She knows not that the miner's son
A wondrous mission bears ;—
A mighty servant of the Lord
She fosters, unawares !

PART SECOND.

Years pass'd :—and twice ten summers' suns
Ripen'd the yellow grain,
And twice ten winters shed their snows
On forest, mount, and plain.

And, in their course, full many a change
Had swept o'er bower and hall ;
And lowly ones had gather'd strength,
And strong ones wept their fall.

A mighty call, like thunder-peal,
Strong, resonant, and deep,
From north to south, from west to east,
Roused nations from their sleep.

The kaiser, in his palace halls,
The craftsman, at his loom,
The pontiff, in his Vatican,
The knight, with lance and plume,

The peasant, in his lowly hut,
—*All* quail'd at voice of *one*,—
A simple monk of Wittenberg,
An honest miner's son !

His soul had found a chainéd book :—
He seized it in his grasp,
Wiped off the dust of centuries,
And wrench'd its iron clasp ;

Then open'd wide its holy page,
And read of Christ's free grace :
The very Saviour that he sought,
He welcomed, face to face.

Then was he strong !—What caréd he
For stern, imperial ban,
For kaiser's frown, or priestly curse,
Or thundering Vatican ?

He brandish'd in his strong right hand
The gospel's flaming sword :
Now wielded he the daring pen,
And now, the living word !

A freeman of the holy truth,
Through conflicts, storms, and strife
He walk'd at large ; and preach'd to men,
In burning words of life.

And at his bidding nations rent
Their dark, time-honour'd creeds,
Question'd their saintly images,
And found them—broken reeds !

And prince and peasant flock'd to hear
The marvels that were wrought
By LUTHER, and the holy book,
Which he to light had brought.

PART THIRD.

It is a summer Sabbath morn,
And brightly rose the sun,
Like monarch in his golden car,
His cloudless race to run.

He look'd o'er green Thuringian hills,
And through the leafy wood ;
O'er flowery plains, and harvest-fields,
All beautiful and good !

And cheerily the ponderous bell,
In the ancient convent tower,
To the burghers of old Eisenach
Rang forth the matin hour.

Then, up and down the gabled street,
The goodly townsmen press'd;
And kirtled dames walk'd side by side,
All in their Sunday best.

A startling hour for Eisenach
And her old minster gray!—
The wondrous monk from Wittenberg
Will preach therein, this day.

The baron, from his feudal tower;
The student, pale and wan;
The peasant, from the hamlet lone;
The thrifty artisan;

The mendicant with cowl and cord;
The friar stout and strong;
Rich citizens, and chiefs of "guilds,"
All swell the gathering throng.

But not amongst the rich and great,
Though look we left and right,
Our friendly burgher can we see,
Nor the dear Shunammite.*

* D'Aubigné says, that the old chroniclers of Eisenach generally call Ursula Cotta "The good Shunammite," in grateful memory of her early kindness to their great Reformer.

Alas ! the storms of life had reft
 Away each worldly trust,
And wealth, and pride, and honours lay
 All crumbled into dust !

Now, bent by years, bereft, and poor,
 A lowly path they trod ;
Forgotten by the proud and great,
 But not forgot of God.

He took the silver and the gold,
 To make them rich in grace ;
He quench'd their lamp, that they might see
 The shining of his face.

“ My Conrad,” quoth Dame Ursula,
 “ At Eisenach, they say,
The famous monk of Wittenberg
 Will preach, this very day.

“ They say he preaches to the poor ;
 And warns the rich and wise,
That God's salvation is not bought
 With money or with price.”

"His doctrine then might suit *us* well!"

Said Conrad, with a smile;
And so they mingled with the crowd
That throng'd the minster aisle.

But all men held their breath intent,
(Like hush before a storm,)
When in the dark, old pulpit rose
The preacher's stately form.

He was a man still young in years;
Yet on his steadfast brow
Had deep soul-conflicts grooved their lines,
As with an iron plow.

He had an eye that ne'er had blench'd
'Neath prince nor potentate;
Whose light could soften into love,
Or kindle into hate.

He held the open, unchain'd book,
Within his nervous grasp:
The dust of centuries was gone,
And gone its rusty clasp!

He turn'd its hallow'd pages o'er,
With earnest, rapid move :
Then paused where, luminous, stand forth
Christ's own dear words of love.

Words for the labouring, burden'd soul !
Words for the weary breast !
Words for the way-worn :—" Come to me,
And I will give you rest."

He open'd, as with golden key,
The treasures of free grace ;
He show'd the glory of the Lord
In the dear Saviour's face.

Then from the gospel's heaven-born truth
He stripp'd each false disguise,
And with the hand of faith, laid bare
Man's "refuges of lies."

As softly fall refreshing showers
Upon the thirsty ground,
On Conrad and his Ursula
Fell soft the gospel's sound.

“Come ye to me, and ye shall rest,”
Were words that dropp’d like dew
On their parch’d souls : they went to Christ,
And found his promise true.

No longer toil-worn wayfarers,
Sin-burden’d, poor, and sad,
Their souls had found a resting-place,
And they were rich and glad !

And as he spake, the preacher’s voice,
Rich, musical, and clear,
Woke some dull echo of the past,
Familiar to their ear.

And though the heaven-sent messenger
A stranger’s semblance wore,
There seem’d an accent in his speech
They thought they’d heard before.

But when, in full, melodious strain,
With look composed and calm,
He lifted up his voice, and sang
The well-remember’d psalm,

“God is our refuge and our strength,”

The missing clew was won :

“’Tis he ! ’tis he !” cried Ursula,

“The miner’s student son !

“’Tis he, my youthful caroller !

Ah me ! an hundredfold

Hath Christ repaid us for the loss

Of silver and of gold.

“A cup of water did we give

To that dear houseless boy ;

And God hath sent us, by his hand,

A cup of heavenly joy !”

She turn’d; for Luther’s strong right hand,

Now trembling with delight,

Hath grasp’d her arm :—“ Dame Ursula !

My good, dear Shunammite !”

Oh, who shall tell what converse sweet

Then held they, side by side,

And how with manna from above,

Their souls were satisfied ?

They parted :—he, to breast the storm,
And wrestle with the gale ;

'They, to walk humbly with their God,
In life's sequester'd vale.

They meet again ; but not 'mid storm,
Nor 'midst uncertain calm :

But in the glorious courts of heaven,
Waving the victor's palm,
And singing, 'mongst the seraph choir,
The saints' triumphant psalm.



ANNY, little Cornish maiden,
With thy cottage posy laden!—
Cabbage-rose, and tall sweet pea,
Southernwood and rosemary,
Woodbine, with its honey-cells,
Canterbury's azure bells,
With the white and queenly lily,
Gilliflower, and prim sweet-willy!

But, of all thy flowers, the best
Is thyself, my blooming guest !
With a cheek as round and rosy
As the best rose in thy posy,
And a kind voice which excels
Canterbury's azure bells,
And a step, as free and bold
As thy Celtic race of old,
Soften'd to the mild and calm,
By thy mother's cradle psalm !
'Thou canst tell me many a story
Of the wild Atlantic's glory,
When these granite cliffs he dashes,
And the beacon-turret lashes ;
While the sea-bird on the billow,
And thyself on cosy pillow,
Dream, with softly sealéd eye,
'Midst the roaring lullaby.

Palaces, and halls of pride,
Sculptured by the surging tide,
Are thy play-grounds!—granite caves,
Polish'd by the ocean waves,
Arch'd, and fringed, and draperied
With the shaggy, salt sea-weed,

Through whose tangles brightly shine
Diamond spars and coraline :
There, what glittering treasures hide,
Left thee by the ebbing tide !
Little shells with rosy lip,
Pearly hinge, and purple tip ;
Cowries, with their teeth of white ;
Fairy fans, so frail and light ;
Turbo, with its tiny stair,
And the little trumpets* fair !

Or, perchance, thou wanders o'er
Furzy croft and heathy moor,
Where, from far, the honey bee
Sips wild thyme and rosemary ;
Where the lark, on lowly nest,
Panting, hides her speckled breast,
Watching, with her bright black eye,
Every rustle passing by ;
While her mate, on pinion strong,
Bears to heaven his thrilling song.

Oh the breezy Cornish croft !
Scented with the heather soft,
And the prickly yellow furze,
Where, beneath, the fieldmouse stirs,

* Buccinum.

Trembling lest some ill surprise
His small crib and little mice !
Softly pass !—we would not bring
Grief to any living thing !
Softly pass !—but Nanny knows
Where the whortle-berry grows,
And the rushes for her crown,
And the nodding cotton down :
Yet she little knows the story
Of those piles of granite hoary,
Where, of old, the Druid stood,
Pouring forth the victim's blood,
And, in raiment white as snow,
Waved the mystic mistletoe.
Let the creeping lichen spread
Slowly o'er the altar's head ;
Let the dews and showers erase
Every darkly-chisell'd trace ;
Let the chiming Sabbath-bell
Better tidings sweetly tell !

Now farewell, my little maiden ;
Come again with posy laden ;
Welcome be thy cottage flowers,
Dripping fresh with Cornish showers !

THE FAWN.

HAVE you ever seen a fawn, quite near,
And standing at your side?
And did you stroke his silky ear,
And pat his spotted hide?

When we were little girls like you,
Once walking 'neath the trees,
In the dim shadows of Carelew,
'Mongst wood anemonies,

We heard a sound, and looking back,
A fawn all blithe and tripping,
Across a soft and mossy track,
Was coming toward us, skipping!

He stood beside us, and his eyes,
So large, and black, and bright,
Did seem to speak of kind surprise,
And fondness and delight.

His tiny hoofs of polish'd black
Deep in the moss were dinted ;
His arching neck and velvet back
With glossy specks were printed.

He rubb'd his little silky nose
Against my cheek and hand,
And look'd as if he'd like to *coze*,—
So kind he seem'd, and bland !

He search'd our basket, smelt our gloves,
And how he sneezed and grunted,
For we had nothing that he loves,
And so he felt affronted !

Our cuckoo flowers, and prickly rose,
And wood anemonies,
At such he twisted up his nose,
And could not relish these.

O spotted fawn ! O speckled fawn !

He sees a soft eye glisten,
And there, across the grassy lawn,
An ear is prick'd to listen.

He sees that ear, he knows that eye,
(There dare approach no other,)
Away his glinting footsteps fly,
It is the doe,—his mother.

MY TAME GOLDFINCH.

The habits of my little pet, in his mild captivity, are here faithfully described. He seemed to make choice of the most picturesque situations, and most ornamental perches within his reach. It was his delight to select the brim of some vase, or the extreme apex of a miniature obelisk, for his orchestra, and he always preened his feathers before a looking-glass.

LET them search the Indian plain,
Forest, valley, glade, and hill,
Islands of the tropic main,
Flowery thickets of Brazil;
Let them choose of birds the rarest
On the Oronoco's brink,
Thou, to me, wert first and fairest,
England's little golden spink!

Not a dreary cage of wire
Did I make his prison-home;
Soon his panting breast would tire
Of its sad and cheerless dome.
So, about our pleasant dwelling,
He might fly, on sprightly plume,

While his merry song came swelling,
Here and there, from room to room.

Glad was he to stretch that wing,
With its shining streak of gold ;
Glad, when tired, to stoop and sing,
And his downy pinion fold :
But his notes grew louder, clearer,
When the songster caught a sight,
In the crystal of the mirror,
Of his own small figure bright.

Then, he'd softly polish down
Glossy pinions, light and slim ;
Stroking smooth his scarlet crown,
Setting every feather trim ;
Till the charming beau array'd is
Proudly in his shining best,
And as vain as vainest lady's
Is his little throbbing breast !

Now his silky wings are spread,
And he flutters swiftly up
To old Chaucer's honest head,
Or to Hebe's marble cup :

Seeming always bent on choosing
To avoid the low and dull,
And his taste refined amusing
With the high and beautiful !

But a moment's sudden pause,
And he lights, all gay and brisk,
'Mongst the doves on Hadrian's vase,
Or on Carnak's obelisk :
With his glossy pinions dashing
Past a crystal urn of flowers ;
Stooping there to bathe, and splashing
O'er his wings, the dripping showers.

Pretty goldfinch ! what beside
Wouldst thou crave of transient bliss ?
Could the wider world, if tried,
Yield thee more of joy than this ?
Wherefore art thou ever turning
Such a longing, restless eye,
Trembling, quivering, and yearning,
Towards the free and open sky ?

Wherefore are those shining wings,
With their glossy line of gold,

Spread in eager flutterings,
With an anxious thought untold?
As I speak—a shrill note ringeth,
Of surprised, entranced delight,
Ere I look—my captive singeth
In the fields of ether bright !*

All in vain the fondest tone
Of my well-remember'd call ;
He hath gain'd *his right*,—*his own*,
And he spurns my gentle thrall.
May thy fragile urn of pleasure
Overflow its narrow brink,
Gladness pass my skill to measure,
England's little golden spink !

* Relying too confidently upon the bird's *personal* attachment to myself, we had allowed the window to remain open. On former occasions he had stoutly resisted temptation, but this time the impulse was too strong; and I felt, in my heart, that *he was right*, and *I wrong* in desiring to deprive him, for my own gratification, of his natural freedom.

THE BEAVER.

Some of these particulars are gathered from Ruxton's Travels.

By Missouri's giant flood,
Or El Norde's rolling river,
In the lonely cedar wood
Dwells the little gentle beaver.

Gifted with such wondrous skill
In the art of engineering,
Felling mighty trees at will,
And their course o'er rapids steering ;

With his teeth so keen and strong,
Into logs the bole dividing,
Gently guiding each along,
To the right spot for abiding !

There the skilful dam is made,
And a quiet lake spreads, glassy ;
There the torrent's force is stay'd,
And the hut's foundation laid
Near the margin cool and grassy.

Yet how many a toilsome hour,
And how oft must limbs grow weary,
Ere the builder sees his bower
Firm, and dry, and warm, and cheery!

Yes! the clay must first be wet,
And his flat tail lash the mortar;
And the roof with bark be set,
To exclude the rain and water.

But the day of joy will come,
When his hut is all completed,
And he sees his mate at home,
Midst her little kittens seated.

Jumping, frisking, bounding light,
Swimming now in shallow river,
How they chase the sunbeams bright,
Where the nodding rushes quiver!

Now they watch their busy mother,
Now they pluck the red wild cherry,
Now they duck and splash each other,
Ever sportive, ever merry!

Beaver !—He, the Good—The Wise
Gave that skin, so soft, to *wrap thee*,
Not that it might e'er entice
Greedy man to come and trap thee.

And it seems a cruel sin,
That an architect so clever,
Who our kindness ought to win,
Should be slaughter'd for a *skin*
Soft and silky,—gentle beaver !



WAS a morning in April, deli-
 cious and bright,
 With scarcely a shadow to che-
 quer the light :
 Each tree and each hedge-row
 was budding all o'er
 With that delicate beauty which
 promises *more* :

The leaf in its sheath, and the bud in its fold,
And the flower in its calyx, were tenderly roll'd,
Just waiting the call of the south wind's low
 breath,
To throw off their cerements, and burst from the
 sheath!

The birds were all busy with household affairs,
With family prospects, and family cares;
The beautiful thrush, with her velvety breast,
Was shaping and moulding the round of her nest;
While the yellow-beak'd merle, in his glossy,
 black coat,
Had a twig in his bill, and a song in his throat;
And the trustful hedge-warbler already did own,
Five lovely blue eggs,—that are *sure* to be stol'n!

And the robin, brave fellow! is daintily drest
In his new velvet hood, and a scarlet-hued
 vest;
And he said to his mate, "I have found, my
 sweet dear,
Such a beautiful place for our nestlings this
 year!
'To the wild-wood, and forest, and desolate glen,
We never will rove from the cottage again.

There the weasel doth lurk, and the hawk, and
the kite,
And the harlequin pye, in his black and his white.

“*Here* the insolent cuckoo hath never been
known
To intrude his big nestling and turn out our
own :

And here we are shielded from all these alarms,
And are shelter'd from hunger, from cold, and
from storms,

By the warmth of the eaves, and the crumbs on
the floor,

The smile of the lattice, and shade of the door :
—So I'll show you the place where you'll sit, as
a queen,

The sweetest hen-redbreast that ever was seen !”

She listen'd, and twitter'd ; and if a fear shot
Through her motherly heart when he show'd
her the spot,

Or a doubt for the future, you never had guess'd
That such a thought ruffled the down of her
breast ;

Like a good little wife, all contented the while,
Who does as *he* wills, with a nod and a smile ;

Though she said to herself, "I would rather, I
own,
Not sit as a queen on that *wonderful* throne!"

Now, adjoining the cottage, there stood a warm
shed,
For rake, and for spade, and for matting and
shred :

'Twas a snug little room, with a casement and
door,

A shelf, and a table, and nicely-swept floor ;
And a hail-storm had broken a diamond-shaped
pane,

Where the robins might enter, and fly out again :
And the gardener's dinner of bread and of meat
Had yielded in winter an exquisite treat.

He wonder'd, and watch'd them, and wonder'd
in vain,

Why they flash'd in and out, through the hole
in the pane ;

The one little bill always tufted with moss,
While a delicate twig lay the other across.

With beak, and with claw, and with quivering
wing,

Too busy to pick up his crumbs, or to sing :

Then he found that the baby's *small cart* was
possess'd

By a softly-lined, rounded, and beautiful nest!

Five days! and each morning the little hen laid
A single white egg, speckled over with red.

And her sparkling black eyes shone like two
little stars,

As she sat in her chariot and peep'd through the
bars;

While her throat of pale orange peer'd over the
nest,

When settling her treasures, or preening her
breast,

And daily she listen'd, with conjugal pride,
To the best and the sweetest of warblings, out-
side.

But to dozing, and cozing, and musings fare-
well,

When five hungry robinets broke from the
shell!

Flashing in,—flying out,—flashing homeward
again,

From morning to night, through that hole in the
pane!

If *one* mouth be fill'd, there are *four* open yet;
Oh, the wonderful stomach of each robinet!
So they grew, and were fledged, and the nest is
 too small,
And the hen with her wings cannot cover them
 all.

Then a council was held, when, with pride and
 delight,
'Twas agreed that each pinion was ready for flight.
What chirpings!—what coaxings!—what glad-
 ness!—what tremblings!
What daring adventures and timid dissemblings!
What joy at their freedom!—what yearnings, in
 some,
When their little wings ached, for the softness
 of home!
But their mother taught each to the branches
 to cling,
And to tuck, when he slept, his head under his
 wing.

And they soon loved the sunshine, the shower,
 and the breeze,
And they loved to “see-saw,” with the wind, in
 the trees.

Their pinions were strong, and they wonder'd
at heart

How they e'er could have relish'd their nest in
the cart.

But their parents are thoughtfully peeping
again

Through that little round hole in the diamond-
shaped pane,

And the hen whisper'd softly, "I've never forgot
My safety and peace, in that exquisite spot!"

But her throne?—it had vanish'd!—the baby's
young heart

Could not give up, forever, her claim on the
cart.

She had patiently waited, content and resign'd,
Because her sweet mother had said "it were
kind;"

And had shown her those two sparkling eyes,
and that breast,

Which panted and heaved o'er the edge of the
nest;

And had said that her darling should soon have
her own,

When the eggs were all hatch'd and the nest-
lings had flown.

Nought daunted, the brave-hearted robins began
At once to adjust and resettle their plan.

For an instant, they fancied how clever 'twould
be

To build in the shears, like the fork of a tree;
But its edge was too keen.—Then it enter'd
their heads

To build, at small cost, in a box full of shreds;
And had even begun a few fibres to twine,
When the gardener took it to pin up a vine.

The cock-bird was angry, and rough'd up his
crest,

And “wonder'd that any dare hinder *his* nest;”
That “the box was his *own*, and the nails, and
each shred,

The shears, and the rake, and, in fact, the whole
shed;”

That “he'd build where he list, and would please
his own self:”

—So they fix'd on a place, high aloft, on the
shelf;

By the side of a mouse-trap, still baited with
cheese,

Though the mice all preferr'd crocus-roots and
sweet peas.

Again was a nest finely woven with care,
And five speckled eggs were deposited there;
Again did five nestlings, all hearty and bright,
Keep those busy wings restless, from morning
to night;
Flashing in,—flashing out, with a zeal and a love,
Which never a moment of weariness prove;
Till they taught each again how to fly from the
shelf,
And to roost on a bough, and to shift for him-
self.

It is time, you will think, for our brave little
pair
To retire from business and family care!
But no!—they are chatting, and nodding again,
In the same old direction,—that hole in the pane!
There is plenty of time, ere the summer be past,
For five pretty nestlings, as dear as the last:
There is plenty of time for the growth of the
wing,
And to teach them to shift for themselves, and
to sing.

Now, in a snug corner, there happen'd to lie
A heap of old manuscripts, learned and dry.

Whether Latin or Greek, I have never yet heard
Which tongue, of the twain, held a charm for the
bird ;

But the bold little fellow most stoutly did choose
To throne his last nest in the lap of the muse :
And never, for certain, did classical lore
Yield such a sure basis for gladness before.

If a rustle ere troubled the mother-bird's nest,
'Twas the musty Greek characters under her
breast.

But the robinets broke from their egg-shell again,
Like other young nestlings, in morals and brain.
Now, peace to the parents, and joy to their song,
And health to their nurslings, all blithesome and
strong !

And glad be the anthem, and sweet be the notes,
That swell the soft plumage of fifteen young
throats !

NOTE.—All the leading incidents in this story are strictly true.

MY TAME SQUIRREL.

I HAD a little Squirry ;—
His step was quick and light,
His tail was long and furry,
And his eyes were large and bright.

He burrow'd 'neath my pillow,
And curl'd himself to sleep,
Or in my basket willow
He slyly loved to creep.

It was no use to scold him,
He always had his way,
Though oft and oft I told him
To be *quiet* in his play.

But bolder still and bolder
He grew with every week;
He'd spring upon my shoulder,
And frisk across my cheek :—

And nibble at the drawers,
Where almonds were, and dates,
And pull to rags the flowers,
And run across the plates !

A bunch of cowslips yellow
To him was matchless fun,
But, oh, the greedy fellow !
He ate them every one !

He built his nest aloft there,
Behind a barricade;
And none can tell how soft there
The little crib he made.

What piles of woolly cotton !
What balls of worsted bright !
What skeins of silk, forgotten,
Or left within his sight !

And none can tell what bunches
Of hazel-nuts were stored,
What dinners and what lunches
Were in that secret hoard!

O Squirry, nimble Squirry!
I loved thy merry ways,
And never felt it weary
To watch thee in thy plays.

MY SQUIRREL'S BROTHER.

BUT though my Squirry was full of glee,
A freer and merrier life than he,
Did his brother lead, in the old beech-tree.

His pillar'd hall was garlanded
With polish'd ivy ;—and overhead
A dome of sapphire sky was spread.

With twisted branches cluster'd o'er,
In a gothic arch, was his corridor,
With a mossy carpet on its floor.

Branch, and stem, and elastic spray,
Brown, and green, and silvery gray,
High, and low,—were his haunts for play.

He stopp'd to drink at the forest rills,
Bubbling forth from the ferny hills,
And golden brimm'd with daffodils.

He ran to pluck, when he chose to dine,
The juicy buds of the fragrant pine,
Running o'er with turpentine!

Then, for dessert, he had hazel-nuts,
Noble filberts, and mealy roots,
Mast, and chestnuts, and tender shoots.

When the chequer'd lines of light and shade
Slanted, at eve, through his colonnade,
Said Squirry, "I think it is time for bed."

Then back to the old beech-tree he'd frisk,
With a sleepy eye, but a footstep brisk,
And into its hollow nimbly whisk.

And if you could climb that beechen-tree,
A snug little chamber you might see,
And a squirry sleeping cosily.

When the autumn's sky of red and gold
Lit up his hall, like a minster old,
Said he, "I must think me of winter's cold."

Then a pack of wool, and a load of hay,
And a bundle of moss, he bore away,
To the hole within that beech-tree gray.

“Now, if I should wake ere pine-cones bud,”
Said Squirry, “I think it would do me good
To find in my chamber a hoard of food!”

So he brush'd with his tail his garner-floor,
And on it he piled a goodly store;
Then, barking defiance, shut the door!

Barking defiance to man and dog,
To stormy winds, and to frost, and fog,
Complacently patted his heap of prog.

To his fragrant nest he then did creep,
And buried his nose in mosses deep,
And softly sunk to a quiet sleep.

He dream'd of spring;—and his nap was long.
The alarm that woke him, clear and strong,
Was a whistling blackbird's mellow song.

So Squirry guess'd it was time to rise;
And he stretch'd his legs, and rubb'd his eyes:
“I'll try,” said he, “if my nuts are nice.”

Then Squirry thought he should like a sip
At the fountain's daffodilly lip,
And his fingers in the water dip.

But he never dream'd of the good, and fair,
And beautiful sights that met him there,
The emerald light, and the breezy air.

The tender buds on the old brown spray,
The snowy white on the thorny May,
And the russet beech in its green array,

The juicy cones on the pine and fir,
And the aspen leaflets all astir,
And the trembling threads of the gossamer.

He chew'd the buds of the larch and spruce,
And he suck'd the cowslip's sugary juice,
And sipp'd the dew from the "fleur de luce."

"I'm glad that I woke so soon," said he,
"From that short nap in the old beech-tree,
For much has been going on, I see."

O wild-wood Squirry, so free and gay !
How glad am *I* that thou got away,
When thy brother was caught, that summer's
day !

THE TYBER.

THE classic Tyber we will sing, that pours its
golden tide

By palaces, and towers, and fanes, of Roman
wealth and pride :

The great men of the elder time, the gifted, and
the brave,

Have gloried to confess their birth beside its
ancient wave.

It gushes from its mountain urns, high on the
Apennines,

Above the shadowy ilex groves, and 'midst the
lofty pines ;

It slowly winds its downward course, beneath
the olive's shade,

And waters, with its yellow tide, the vineyard
and the glade.

And many a huge Pelasgic tower, and old
Etruscan town,
With giant walls of dateless fame, upon its
stream look'd down;
And nations that have pass'd away, and left no
missing trace,
Save in their frescoed sepulchres—earth's only
resting-place !

But still old Tyber rolleth on, the fruitful fields
to lave,
And chimes, from many a convent bell, ring
sweetly o'er its wave;
And still the peasant leads his flock along its
margin fair,
And stops at some low wayside shrine, to say
his vesper prayer.

The sunsets still suffuse thy tide with floods of
molten gold,
And tuneful reeds along thy marge make music
as of old :
And forth the glowing morning comes, her rosy
light to pour,
Fresh as when patriot poets sang her beauty as
of yore.

How proudly flow'd thy troubled stream in
glory's ancient days,
Thou darling of the poet's heart, and fond his-
torian's praise !
How gladly toss'd thy tawny wave when vic-
tors, laurel-crown'd,
Return'd in conquest's ivory car, with captive
monarchs bound.

Alas ! thou hadst no pitying tear to pour from
thy cold urn,
For prisoners dragg'd in chains to grace the
conqueror's return :
No echo whisper'd 'midst thy reeds to lonely
widow's sigh,
Or orphan's wailing plaint,—thy songs were all
for *Victory* !

The captive Dacian never heard in thee an an-
swering tone
To his dark forest's breezy voice, or Danube's
rolling moan :
The exiled Briton look'd in vain for image of
his home,
Her smiling vales, her rugged oaks, her girding
ocean's foam.

The cultured Grecian found in thee no sym-
thetic love,
To call to mind the attic shell and shady laurel-
grove :
The banish'd Lydian dream'd in vain of Asiatic
bowers,
And captive Hebrews wept at thought of Salem's
prostrate towers.

Proud river of the Seven Hills! and did thy
children dream
That laurel crowns of victory were *fadeless* by
thy stream?
Deem'd they exulting songs of joy would always
o'er thee roll,
And fetter'd kings be ever led to thy proud
capitol?

Say, where is now the marble fane, the rich
triumphal arch,
The "sacred way,"* where victors crown'd, in
triumph used to march,

* The "Via Sacra."

The gilded halls where emperors did quaff
Falernian wine,
The cruel circus, trophied gate, and colonnaded
shrine?

Alas for thee!—thy haughty towers in dust are
levell'd low,
And, o'er the goodly and the brave, thy troubled
waters flow:
And laurels bud, but ne'er again to twine a
hero's crown;
And the tall palm of victory thy foes have
smitten down!

The Goth revenged his country's wrongs; the
Vandal's iron hand
Pour'd vengeance o'er thy palaces, and ruin
through thy land;
From northern forests rush'd the Hun, like some
o'ermastering flood.
And Tyber toss'd his tawny waves, flush'd with
his children's blood.

The cactus and the aloe now creep o'er thy
prostrate walls,
And leaves of true acanthus clothe Corinthian
capitals;

While breezes sigh all drearily the crumbling
arch beneath,
And, through the Cæsars' palaces, sing low the
dirge of death.

Imperial Tyber, sunk is now the murmur of thy
stream
To some fast-dying melody,—a disenchanted
dream !
“*Eternal*” men have call'd thy towers: if such
earth's glory be
And such her strength, we well may long for
heaven's eternity.

MY SISTERS IN HEAVEN.

“He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.”—ISA. xl. 11.

ONCE, they were little pilgrims here;—
But saints in glory *now*;
Their eyes once glisten'd with the tear,
But *now* around their brow
Their Saviour binds a crown of light,
With jewels by his smile made bright.

I think I see them, as of yore,
So full of life and health,
When each within her sweet heart bore
A treasury of wealth;—
Such wealth as kind affections bless
The heart of love and gentleness.

The *one*, within her dark eye, hid
Thoughts which her God had given :
In every thing she said or did
There was a touch of heaven.
And yet she loved the things below,
As streamlets where God's mercies flow.

And there was one for whom her soul
Ran over with sweet love ;
And often from her play she stole,
And, like a little dove,
Would nestle in his aged breast, .
And there would feel her spirit blest !

It was her grandsire :—he was old,
And she a bud of spring ;
But his affections were not cold,
Nor hers a worthless thing :
So they were bound in lovely yoke,
Like woodbine round an aged oak.

We never knew what words they said,
Thus banded, side by side,
But thought was o'er her features spread,
So calm and sanctified,
I fancy that the aged told
The lamb, of pastures and a fold.

I fancy, in a low, kind tone,
He told her of that breast,
On which might lean the little one,
When he should be at rest :—
—He knew not that the lamb would go,
While yet the aged stayed below !

My other sister,—she was one,
On whose sweet azure eye,
The light of summer skies had shone,
And left their purest dye.
And, but for passing shades of earth,
Her beauty spoke of seraph birth.

Thus, thus were they ; and when we laid
Their coffins side by side,
For what we loved no grave we made,
Their *bodies* only died.
Bright spirits now around the throne,
Sweet sisters,—ye are still our own !

I even think I love you more
Than when ye play'd with me ;
Your tears are dried, your sorrows o'er,
From all but joy set free !
And you love us, e'en more, above,
In presence of a God of *Love*.

LOST AND FOUND.

Oh, where can the little lad be gone,
Who stray'd from his father's side?
Here and there, and up and down,
They sought him, far and wide;

Through the heather, and up the brae,
They sought him, with heart of care;
Whither can he have roam'd away?
And each one answers,—“Where?”

The shepherd, to seek a missing lamb,
Had left the child alone;
He brought the lamb to its bleating dam—
But his own little lamb was gone!

That night the father never slept,
Nor closed the mother's eye;
But they sought him still, and pray'd, and wept,
Till morn rose drearily;

And the mother's heart was sad and chill,
When they came back, one by one;—
No little porringer now to fill
With breakfast for her son!

The sun grows high, and the sun sinks low,
And another day is past,
And a wakeful night of care and woe,
And of seeking, like the last!

Till the mother sleeps from weariness,
And the father's cheek is wasted,
And the sisters pine in dreariness,
And the porridge is untasted!

But why is this?—when you give the bread
To your trusty dog, you see
He eats it not,—but he runs instead,
In haste, and eagerly,

All along the brae, and up the hill,
With a self-important mien,
Through yarrow, and through broom, until
His track no more is seen.

Now follow him, for he seems to say,
By bark, and leap, and bound,
“If you come with me, I’ll show the way
Where a *lost lamb* may be found!”

Then the gudeman took his tartan plaid,
His bonnet, and his crook,
And he follow’d Luath, weary-sad,
Over crag, and knoll, and brook.

No sound was heard but the plover’s wail,
And the bittern’s heavy boom,
And the nestled black-cock’s rustling quail,
Amongst the yellow broom.

Poor shepherd!—well may thy courage sink,
And chilling fears arise,
When Luath leads thee to the brink
Of a craggy precipice!

But what can hinder a pastor's zeal,
When he seeks a lambkin dear?
And what can make the courage reel
Of a hardy mountaineer?

Down! down!—But, beneath the rugged scaur
There boils a coal-black lynn;
He pauses,—but Luath bounds before,
In midst of spray and din:

In an agony he looks around
On the gloomy scene so wild;
But hush!—Oh, can he have caught a sound
Like the wailing of a child?

But Luath, plunged in misty shade,
Is whining with eager joy,
As the oat-cake in the lap he laid
Of his master's darling boy!

And the father to his heart hath press'd
His long-lost little son,
As he look'd to heaven, and thank'd and bless'd
His God, for the mercy shown!

Not a golden hair of the child was dim,
Nor bow'd with grief his head ;
Kind guardian angels, over him,
Their shadowy wings had spread.

You well may guess,—but I cannot tell,
What the loving mother felt :
The smiles that shone, and the tears that fell,
And how they all down knelt ;

And how the laddie did kneel between
His father and his mother ;
How the sisters knelt, with solemn mien,
Their hands join'd in each other !

And how the porringers were fill'd,
(Without one portion missing,)
How the oaten-cakes were nobly grill'd,
Midst laughter, smiles, and kissing !

But first, how Luath had such a share
That it overflow'd his bowl !
And he wagg'd his tail with a knowing air,
And thought he could eat the whole !

This incident took place in Scotland a few years ago.

TRY AGAIN.

GENTLE young maidens, and brave little men,
Never despair!—Try *again* and *again*!
Life hath no royal bowers, fair to behold,
Draped with vermilion and pavéd with gold;
Duty's no garden-path, sodded with moss,
Smooth'd from the rugged, the crooked, the cross;
Time hath no space to be languid or weary,
Forward the march of the hopeful and cheery!
Not to the swift is the battle of life,
Not to the strong is the guerdon of strife,
Not to the proud is the crown of success,
Not for the haughty brow honour's caress.
Only the patient, the steadfast, and lowly,
Win the true wreath that is fadeless and holy:
The bold and ambitious may strive all in vain,
The goal will be reach'd but by *trying again*.

Knowledge hath palaces, turreted high,
Girdled with star-light and lost in the sky,
Bristled with lances in hostile array—
Yet duty is thitherward pointing your way!

Doth it discourage the foot of the frail
Only to *dream* such a fortress to scale?
True, you will never o'ermaster its height,
Never will bathe in its ether of light;
But there's a banner forth waving its fold,
'Broider'd on azure with letters of gold;
In the lull of the wind you may read clear and
plain,
This legend, afloat on the breeze, "TRY AGAIN!"

Think not that conquest hath only a dower
For such as can reach to the pinnacled tower;
High-climbers, high-fliers, may slip and may fall,
While the slow and the steady may distance
them all.

Doing our duty and filling our part,
Lightens the footstep and gladdens the heart!

Georgie, dear fellow!—that forehead of thine
Ought not, and *need* not be plow'd with a line;
Nor should those tear-drops e'en silently lie,
Dimming the light of that bonnie blue eye.
Ah! I well know that the "Mantuan Bard"*
Oft is provoking, and crusty, and hard;

* Virgil.

Tangling hexameters into a twist,
Hiding his meaning in shadows and mist :
Don't be bewilder'd;—'twill solve itself plain;—
Smooth thy fair brow, boy, and *try him again*.

Willie, brave man! thou art sighing, 'twould
 seem,
For some bright idea to light up thy theme!
But thoughts are astray, and ideas are flown,
And thy essay reads lifeless, and "dry as a
 bone."

Now, sighing will never give fancy a spring,
So let thy own thoughts take their natural swing,
And soon will some image, suggested from far,
Peep through the clouds and the mists, like a
 star.

Try again, Willie; the learned and wise
Begin with a failure and end with a prize.

Dear daughter! whose ringlets dark shadow a
 page,
Ideal and crank, of some black-letter sage,
Maintaining a contest, on English ground,
With grammatical mazes and stubborn sound;
A Schiller's wild legend,—a Körner's "Lied,"
From the dark and the rugged will soon be freed,

And thou'lt list to the German's earnest song,
Like a household voice, in a sister tongue,
And each grim letter will sparkle then,
Like burnish'd gold, if thou try again.

Mary and Ellen, so placid and gay !
Like Windermere Lake on midsummer's day,
Already ye've met with a doubt and a fear,
'The sound of a sigh and the shape of a tear,
With lessons to learn with a weary head,
With 'wilder'd stitches and tangled thread,—
Trials as sharp, to the young and frail,
As the warrior's battle in coat of mail !
Kind angels, perchance, bend down and bless
Each hidden struggle for good success,
And the Saviour taketh account of all,
And strength imparts to the weak and small
Then, "arm" for the battle-field *within*,
For a hearty struggle with self and sin ;
Combat temptations, with might and main,
Though the foe be strong, let us "Try Again."

BERNARD GILPIN,

“THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.”

Amongst the brightest lights of the Reformation in this country was Bernard Gilpin. He was born at Kentmere Hall, in Westmoreland. But he chiefly lived at his parsonage of Houghton-le-Spring, near Durham. The whole of the north of England was, however, the scene of his gospel labours. His influence over the minds of all classes—the rough and the gentle, the peasant and the peer—was such as to earn for him the title “Apostle of the North.” It is said that there was one short but significant expression which often dwelt upon this good man’s lips:—“All is for the best!” It was in him no empty sound, but the language of simple, childlike trust. During the persecution of the Protestants in the reign of Mary Tudor, it was not likely that Bernard Gilpin should escape the vigilance of the cruel and bigoted Bonner. He was betrayed into his hands, and conducted towards London, on a charge of heresy. On his way thither, the horse on which he rode fell, and Bernard Gilpin was laid up, at a way-side inn, with a broken leg. But this very accident proved the means of his deliverance. Before he was sufficiently recovered to move forward, Queen Mary died; and the “Apostle of the North” was restored to his beloved flock.

AMONGST Old England’s northern dales
Still lives an honour’d name;
And sire still loves to speak to son
Of Bernard Gilpin’s fame.

How, with Christ's gospel in his hand,
He loved to wander forth;
And how he earn'd the saintly name,
"Apostle of the North!"

How, like Christ's messenger of old,
He roam'd o'er field and fell,
Preaching to wayfarers of Him
Who sat by Sychar's well;

Proclaiming to the low and poor
A Saviour, rich in grace:
And speaking to the high, of one
That took the lowest place;

Soothing the cares of those who toil'd,
Making the needy glad,
And binding up the broken heart,
And comforting the sad;

Chasing the shadows of despair
From sinners' dying bed,
By pointing to the Lamb, who died
In the poor sinner's stead.

The fierce marauder, spurring bold
On wild and guilty deed,
Knew well his voice; and at his call
Would check his foaming steed,

And lowly bend his pluméd crest
Down to the saddle-bow,
To listen to the words of peace
That from him gently flow.

And peasant children left their play,
To ask, in lisping tone,
For the soft pressure of his hand
In loving benison.

And 'midst the heather and the fern,
High on some craggy steep,
He loved to meet the shepherd lad,
Tending his mountain sheep:—

To tell him of a Shepherd's love,
Who came on earth of old,
And gave his precious blood to save
The lost ones of his fold.

But, ah ! it was not then, as now,
A smooth and easy road
To walk with Jesus, and to serve
Their Master and their God.

No ! 'twas a day of cloud and storm,
When darkness strove with light,
And morning sunbeams struggled hard
'Gainst shadows of the night.

When holy men, with courage high,
Stood 'midst the burning pyre;
And gentle women smiled to wear
The martyr's robe of fire.

And soon, from hamlet unto cot,
From mountain unto dale,
From glen to hill, was echoed fast
The sorrow-laden tale,

That Christ's "Apostle of the North,"
So dear to low and high,
The servant of the Lord of love,
Was led away to die !

“All—all is order’d for the best !”

The good man gently said ;
And look’d to heaven, and found his soul
Strengthen’d and comforted.

And men much marvell’d at the faith
Which counted loss as gain,
And soften’d bitter things to sweet,
And made rough places plain.

Behold a little wayside inn,
And there, distress’d and faint,
With broken limb, sore rack’d with pain,
Lay the meek, chasten’d saint.

And rudely did men heap their taunts
Upon his troubled breast :—
“Thy broken leg, thou heretic !
Is *this*, too, for the best ?”

Then on his pallid brow there fell
A flush of heavenly light :—
“Yea, friends ! God’s dealings *all* are love,
And *all* his ways are right.”

And faith spake true.—This very cross
Which he so meekly bore,

Was sent by God, to stay his steps
Until the storm was o'er.

For, while within that wayside inn,
The crippled sufferer lay,
The spirit of the bigot queen
Was call'd from earth away.

Joy to the moorlands of the North!
Joy to each dale and glen!
Their loved apostle, freed from thrall,
Returns to them again!

Joy to the little shepherd lad
Amongst the broomy hills!
Joy to the dame who, at the brook,
Her earthen pitcher fills!

Joy to the sick man in his hut,
The prisoner in his cell!
Joy in the homestead on the height
The hamlet in the dell!

Joy to the sinner's wilder'd soul!
The wreck'd, the *all but lost*!
Joy in earth's valleys!—greater joy
Amongst the heavenly host!

PANCHITO ; OR, THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

PANCHITO ! my Panchito !
Press on, my noble steed ;
For flying or for dying,
According to thy speed.
We're struggling with the strong,
And with the swift we race,
For the fire,—the red fire
Is gaining ground apace.

Panchito ! my Panchito !
On—on, for life or death ;
And panting though thou be,
Nor stop to draw a breath :
But onward, and right onward,
My noble steed, we rush ;

And, dashing and crashing,
Scale rock, and brake, and bush !

Thou seest the fiery glare
Around us and above ;
The flames are licking up
Grass, herb, and cotton grove ;
And up the mountain's side,
With forkéd tongues, they creep ;
And top the rocky ridge,
And blaze adown the steep.

We're gaining ground, Panchito,—
We're gaining on the foe ;
The air is not so scorching,
And fainter is the glow.
Thou'rt strong in limb and heart,
Thy courage it is higher
Than the might of blasting flame,—
Than the madness of the fire.

Now stop, and draw thy breath,
But where, alas ! are they,
The faithful friends who toil'd
With us for many a day ?

My hunting-mule and pack-mule,
Who always loved us so,
And trudged through rough and smooth,
From far-off Mexico?

Though active, and though patient,
The gentle creatures be,
Yet Nature gave them not
The speed she gave to thee;
And, struggle though they will,
They must,—they *must* be lost,
Ere the brushwood of the glen,
And its torrent can be crost!

Through hunger and through thirst,
Through snow-drifts and through all,
They've follow'd at my whistle,
Obedient to my call.
The warmest of my cloaks,
Through freezing nights they've shared,
And they "whinnied" me their thanks,
However hard they fared.

I dream'd not we should part
On so terrible a day:—
—But I see them through the smoke,
Panchito, it is they!

'They're safe and they are sound,
Kind Heaven hath lent them speed,
And hath given them the race,
In this, their hour of need.

Panchito neighs his joy :—

One moment,—only *one*,
They may draw a hurried breath,
For the flames are hastening on.
Again we forward press,
The fire hath gain'd in might,
We almost breathe its breath,
We're blinded with its light !

The flames have met across
The portals of this cleft,
And here we are enclosed,
And find no exit left !

Panchito, my Panchito !

Dart onward *now* or *never* ;
A pathway through the furnace
Of flaming fire we'll sever !

'Tis past !—the blaze has scorch'd
His silky tale and mane,
But he heedeth not the heat,
He recks not of the pain,

But turns his gentle head
To see what shall betide
His snorting, trembling friends,
Group'd on the other side.

He neighs a call of courage,
As if he meant to say,
"Come on, brave fellow-travellers,
It is the only way!"
They trust their friend Panchito,
And, faster than the wind,
They cleave the wall of fire,
And leave the flames behind!

What though their mane is singed,
Their ears all scorch'd and hot,
In triumph and in gladness,
The creatures heed it not:
Before us is a plain,
Bare, barren, bleak, and wide,
They know 'twill stint the flames,
And stay their greedy stride.

Now rest, ye faithful friends;
Your brave day's work is done;
Your race was with the swift,
And gallantly you've won.

Amidst these cherry-bushes,
Beside this cooling stream,
Panchito, mules, and I
May sit, and drink, and dream !

These terrific fires are not unfrequent in the prairies of North and Central America. They are powerfully described by Catlin ; but the above circumstance befell Lieutenant Ruxton on his journey from Mexico to the Mississippi, with his favourite horse Panchito, and his baggage and hunting mules.

THE MARTYRDOM OF MARIUS.

Marius was a Roman soldier who embraced Christianity and suffered death in the reign of the Emperor Adrian. On his tombstone was scratched (as if with an iron nail) his name, the monogram of *Christ his Saviour*, and the palm-branch, the symbol of victory over death. It was found in the catacombs at Rome, and is now, with many others, deposited in the Vatican.

"Date Christianos ad leonem."—This was the form of words frequently used in the days of pagan persecution when condemning the Christians to death in the Roman Coliseum.

"Give the Christian to the lion!"

Wildly cry the Roman throng;

"Yes! to Afric's tawny lion!"

Shout the warriors, bold and strong.

"Let the hungry lion tear him!"

Echoed glad the laughing crowd:

"Fling him, fling him to the lion!"

Shriek'd the noble matron loud.

"Do not spare him,—let him tear him!"

Cried the fair patrician girls,

With their dark hair softly braided

Underneath a band of pearls;

With their small feet purple-sandal'd,
And their arms with bracelets dight,
And their robes of Indian tissue,
And their black eyes flashing light.

"Date illum ad leonem !"

Spake in accents grave and slow,
From their curule seats of honour,
Senators in goodly row :
Then, from flight to flight, redouble
Shout, and cheer, and laughter-peal,
Till the giant Coliseum
'Neath the tumult seem'd to reel :
And the clamours of the people
Through the arch of Titus roll,
All adown the Roman forum,
To the towering capitol.

Then a pause ;—but hush and listen !
Whence that wild and savage yell ?
—'Tis the lion of Zahara,
Raging in his grated cell !—
Fierce with famine and with fetter,
Shaketh he his tawny mane,
For his living prey impatient,
Struggling 'gainst his bar and chain !

But a voice is stealing faintly,
 From the next cell, chill and dim;—
 'Tis the death-doom'd Christian, chanting,
 Soft and low, his dying hymn.
 With uplifted hands, he prayeth
 For the men that ask his blood;
 With a holy faith, he pleadeth
 For that shouting multitude.

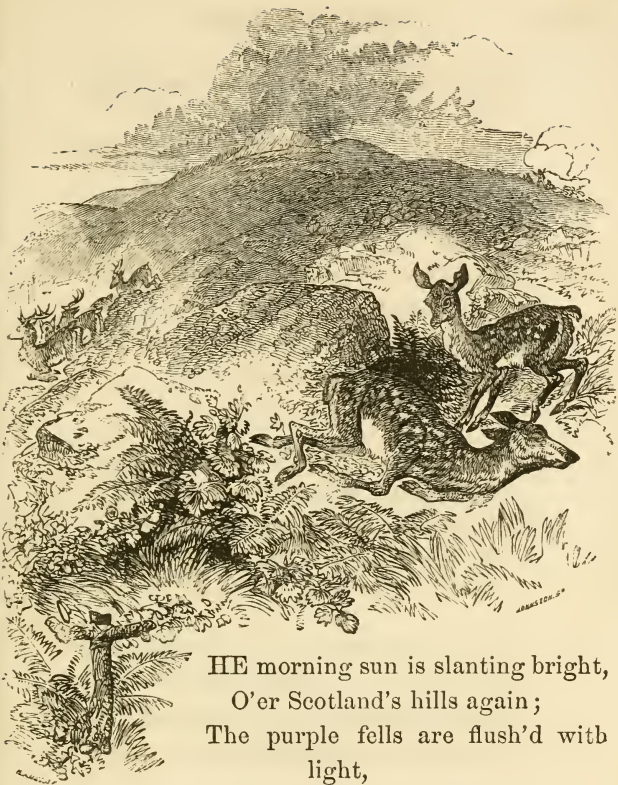
They are waiting!—Lift the grating!
 —Comes he forth, serene, to die;
 With a radiance round his forehead,
 And a lustre in his eye:
 Never, when amidst Rome's legions,
 With the helmet on his brow,
 Prest he to the front of battle,
 With a firmer step than now.
 Lift the grating!—he is waiting:
 Let the savage lion come!
 He can only rend a passage
 For the soul to reach her *home*!

* * * * * *
 * * * * * *

“Brother, thou art gone before us!”
 Sung the martyr's funeral band,

Pacing lowly,—pacing slowly,
(With the torch-lights in their hand,)
Through the dark and winding chambers
Of the ancient catacomb,
Where the children of the Saviour
Had their hiding-place and tomb.
Little knew they as they whisper'd,
Low and sad, the burial psalm,
And as Christ's dear name was graven,
And a little branch of palm,
That this tombstone, rude and rugged,
Should be deem'd a precious gem
Ages hence,—when crush'd and shiver'd
Is the Cæsars' diadem :—
When the wild vine weaves her tendrils
Over palace, fane, and hall,
O'er the "Golden house"* of Nero,
And the Coliseum's wall!

* "*Aurea Domus*."—This was the name given to the sumptuous palace built by the Emperor Nero, on Mount Palatine.



HE morning sun is slanting bright,
O'er Scotland's hills again ;
The purple fells are flush'd with
light,
The mists are o'er the glen :

All living creatures are astir,
The linnet in the brake,
The black-cock on the heather-muir,—
The heron by the lake :

And, from his mother's side, upsprings,
At earliest streak of dawn,
From 'mongst the brakens and the lings,
The wild and bright-eyed Fawn.

He sips the dew,—he sniffs the wind,
He pricks his silky ear;
Then, frisking tow'rds the mother-hind,
Again he presses near.—

—From far, the gong's sonorous call
Is ringing, loud and deep,
To wake the sportsmen of the Hall
Up from their downy sleep.

“Up! up!—who'll share our noble toil?
Who'll join our manly cheer?—
We chase the chieftains of the soil,—
We stalk the wild red-deer!”

And voices soft, in mellow tones,
Applaud the sport of death,
Regardless of the pangs and groans,
And woes, that hide beneath.

Yet England's sons might blush with shame
And sorrow, if they knew
The wrong *one* false, *one* careless aim,
To gentle things will do.

Though clear and keen the sportsman's eye,
Yet down the craggy dell,
The antler'd quarry bounded by,—
—It was the *Doe* that fell!

That mother *Doe*, who woke, ere dawn,
To guard, with joy and pride,
The little tender, sucking fawn,
Who lay asleep beside.

Alas! alas!—*one* cruel chance,
One careless moment, dims
Her eye of soft and loving glance,
And stills her agile limbs.—

But when the festal board was lit
That eve, with taste refined,
With brilliant thought, and attic wit,
And woman's sparkling mind,—

Who thinketh of the birchen wood

Where that poor mother lay,

While, one by one, the drops of blood

Ebb'd, dull and slow, away?

Or of that pining little one,

Stretch'd at her side, forlorn?

O *Thou*, more merciful than man!

Take pity on the Fawn.

“WEE, WISE WILLIE.”

WEE Willie was a thoughtful lad;
A pale and placid face he had,
So pensive,—it was *almost* sad.

But when he smiled, there was a look
That sparkled like a bubbling brook
Of gladness, in some secret nook.

The flush of health, with ruddy streak,
Had never cross'd his pallid cheek,
Yet was he placid, cheerful, meek.

Inured to pain from infant days,
He never join'd in childhood's plays,
Nor seem'd a child, in mind or ways.

Yet never seem'd to think his joys
Were fewer than were other boys',
Nor grudged he them their fun and noise.

His silent pleasures were to him,
Nor wearisome, nor dull, nor dim,—
—A cup whose waters kiss'd the brim !

A blade of grass beneath a shower,—
The stone-crop on the old kirk tower,—
The shadow underneath a flower,—

A gleam of light,—a drop of dew,—
The darkening of a berry's hue,—
His silent contemplation drew.

He knew each common herb and plant,
Each small bird's song, and name, and haunt,
Ere it had finish'd half a chant.

Each planet's course he could define,
And knew what groups of stars would shine,
And knew the Zodiac's every sign.

He knew the outlet and the source
Of every streamlet's wimpling course,
Adown the glen, and past the moors.

His footstep was so soft to hear,
The fearful creatures lost their fear,
And seem'd to love his coming near.

The timid hare just stopp'd to see
What gentle rustle it might be,
Then ate her supper leisurely.

The rabbit skurried as before,
Amongst the braken on the moor,
Until its fit of fun was o'er.

The tawny field-mouse saw him pass,
And never stirr'd from where he was,
But sat and ate his ear of grass.

And when he laid him down to rest,
The little wren with golden crest,
Did sit and watch him, from her nest.

The squirrels loved and trusted him,
And came to sip the forest stream,
Though he were close beside its brim.

And other boys, though rude and wild,
Look'd up to him, so sweet and mild,
As more an angel than a child!

He cool'd the flush of angry pride,
And made harsh wranglings to subside,
And fists, hard clench'd, to open wide.

The poacher hid away his gun,
Lest it should pain that gentle one,
To think what evil it had done.

And lawless boys he could constrain
To let the linnet's nest remain,
And put the nestlings back again.

His gentle nature even told
On passions dark, and bad, and bold,
In creatures of *inferior* mould.

The brindled mastiff, rough and grim,
Swelling with rage in every limb,
Would sleecken when he look'd at him.

His influence o'er the will and mind
Lay not in being good and kind,
Subdued by suffering, and refined,

But in a heaven-imparted grace,
The shining of his Saviour's face,
Which left, on every look, its trace.

It was a solemn sight, they say,
To watch him, on a Sabbath day,
When evening on the mountains lay.

Reclining on some grassy mound,
Telling to children, cluster'd round,
What a dear Saviour he had found.

And gray-hair'd list'ners oft would hide
Behind the yew-tree at his side,
To hear him tell why Jesus died.

But soon a message, full of love,
Came downward from the courts above,
And call'd him thither to remove.

He heard it,—and no longer had
That look so pensive,—almost sad,—
His face grew *radiant*, then, and *glad*.

It was a very narrow stream,
Betwixt his heavenly rest and him,
For he had lived beside its brim.

So pass'd he, almost dry-shod, o'er;
And landed on that blissful shore,
Where pain is banish'd evermore.*

His course was finish'd. Nor complain
That his earth-mission was in vain,
Though wrought in weariness and pain :

His silent footsteps left their dint
In hidden nooks ;—a hallow'd print !
A line of light, of heavenly tint !

* "Neither shall there be any more *pain*."—REV. xxi. 4.

USEFUL ANNIE.

HAPPY Annie! useful Annie!

Never cheerless,—never dull:
Toils she has, and cares a many,
Yet a heart of gladness full.

Annie is a poor man's daughter;
And her tender mother had
Almost from a baby, taught her
That the *useful* are the *glad*.

Soon her small hands, round and rosy,
Learn'd to fill her porridge bowl;
And to pluck the Sunday posy
For her father's button-hole.

Soon to twine the sweet clematis,
Trimly round the window sill;
And to train the "painted ladies,"*
And to tie the bright jonquil:

* Sweet peas.

Soon to pull the water-cresses ;
 Choosing each with skill and care,
From the brooklet's weedy tresses,
 Tangled in confusion there.

And as Annie older groweth,
 Cares increase on every side ;
But the stream of joy still floweth,
 And its founts are multiplied.

When the light of morning breaketh
 Early on the purple hill,
From her pillow she upwaketh,
 While the lambs are sleeping still.

And she moveth softly,—lightly,
 Lest the baby be aroused ;
But her step grows quick and sprightly,
 When the cottage door is closed.

With her pitcher lightly poised,
 Hastes she to the forest spring ;
Not the woodlark sweeter voiced,
 As the twain, in concert, sing !

Ah! she has no time to linger
With the woodlark by the well;
Household duties quickly bring her
Back, with dearer things to dwell.

At her touch the cold hearth glistens
With the crackling faggot bright;
And the waken'd baby listens,
Laughing, crowing with delight.

While the merry kettle hummeth,
With a good old-fashion'd hiss,
From his work the father cometh,
With his blessing, and a kiss.

Sweet and kindly, blithe and cheery,
Is the morning's first repast,
Ere men's hearts and hands grow weary,
With the sunshine or the blast!

Countless duties quickly call her,
As the hours of morning move;
But her burden cannot gall her,
For "the yoke is lined with love."

While the idle soon grow fretful,
Long ere noontide, tired and sad,
Annie finds, though self-forgetful,
That the useful are the glad !

Like some pleasant stream that floweth,
Cheering, brightening, as it goes,
While itself but little knoweth
Aught of all the good it does,

Onward moves she, little guessing
Half the solace and the cheer,
Half the comfort and the blessing,
Which she scatters, wide and near.

Yet, how many a flower would wither,
If the pleasant stream be dried !
And how many hearts, together,
Would lament, if Annie died !

“GOOD NIGHT.

“GOOD NIGHT!”—the chiming clock hath told
The cadence of the sunset hour;
And, in its dewy petals roll’d,
Sleeps every nodding bud and flower.

Each bird hath hid its sleepy head
Beneath his folded, downy wing;
And lullabies are softly said
To every little nestled thing.

The squirrel, in his hole, hath curl’d
His bushy tail, in sleep serene;
And butterflies their wings have furl’d
Beneath an umbel’s silky screen.

The shepherd laddie folds his flock,
Each mother-ewe is by her lamb;
And, ’neath the shelter of the rock,
The wild kid sleeps beside its dam.

O'er many a cradled little one,
With rosy cheek, and sleeping eye,
And happy dreams,—in low, sweet tone,
The mother sings her lullaby.

And He who heard their evening psalm
Hath sent his Spirit, as a dove,
To spread around their slumbers calm
The holy pinion of his love.

"Farewell" to every slumbering child!
"Good night" to every nestled thing!
To tender kid, on mountain wild,—
To birdie, 'neath his mother's wing,—

To butterfly, in nodding bell,—
To lambkin, in the shepherd's fold,—
To little bee, in honey'd cell,—
To flower-bud, in its chalice roll'd;—

To creatures goodly, fair, and bright,—
To creatures lowly, poor, and small,—
To all that live, a kind "Good Night;"—
A smile, and dear "Farewell" for *all*!

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